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T H E

MERRY MISCELLANY.

Being the SECOND PART of

DANIEL GUNSTON'S

J E S T S, &c.

O R,

A NEW COLLECTION OF

Diverting Jests,
Comical Bulls,
Smart Repartee,
Quaint Saying,
Queer Puns,
Merry Adventures,
IN PART I.

Whimfical Epigrams,
Strange Epitaphs,
Funny Rebusses,
Puzzling Conundrums,
Humorous Riddles,
Comical Questions.
IN PART II.

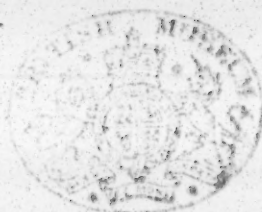
Many Originals, never printed before.

The Whole being designed

To banish Sorrow, chear the Heart, enliven the
Countenance, quicken the Spirits, and procure
Mirth and good Humour.

LONDON: Printed for JOHN FULLER, No. 35,
LUDGATE-STREET.

Price One Shilling, with a Policy of Insurance
for the Irish State Lottery, 1780.



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B



A
COLLECTION
OF THE NEWEST
RIDDLES, &c.

RIDDLES.

I.

I 'AM (suppose you know me) what,
To all appearance I am not;
Altho' you see and hear me speak,
I far as ever am to seek;
Nay, stranger, if you know my name,
You cannot tell me who I am;
And yet you know my name indeed,
Before you this began to read.

A 2

View

- 2.

View all the ample world around;
 In me the greatest beauty's found;
 Regard, ye fair! my steps pursue,
 To gain the prize obtain'd by few;
 Unerring, I with blazing throngs,
 Enchant the soul by glorious songs.

3.

Though blind I am, I lead the blind
 Which way soever he's inclin'd;
 I bear the man who first bears me,
 By which my name you soon will see,

4.

I more than women's fancies change,
 Yet never leave my post or range.

5.

I daily breathe, yet have no life,
 And kindle feuds, yet cause no strife.

6.

By my assistance merchants speak
 Tho' many seas asunder;

And

And yet I'm dumb, and soft, and weak,
And is not that a wonder?

7.

What force and strength could not get
through

I with a gentle touch can do;
And many in the street would stand,
Were I not as a friend at hand.

8.

Ever eating, never cloying;
All devouring, all destroying;
Never finding full repast,
'Till I eat the world at last.

9.

I cannot either eat or drink;
I often speak, yet never think:
I teach men lessons how to die,
And very seldom tell a lie.

10.

Not all that can be sung or said,
Will aught avail without my aid.

My

11.

My voice is heard a mile or two,
 I talk so very loud;
 I speak when lovers cease to woo,
 And when they wear a shroud.

EPIGRAMS

From MARTIAL.

12.

Inraptur'd whilst thy tender hand I prest,
 And felt the rising motion of thy breast;
 You touch'd your veil; — what racking
 pains I bore;
 You rais'd it up! — I saw and sigh'd — no
 more.

13.

A mile to see a friend I'd come;
 But there and back is two;
 And not to see you after all,
 Dear Sir, will never do.

From Horace Epist. xvii. lib. 2.

14.

Says Gruff, could Liquorish rest content,
 With what the fields afford;

He

He need not be at dinner time,
Beholden to my Lord.

Had you, replies the fleeky wit,
Access among the great;
Nor more would you ye bag of bones,
Or leeks or onions eat.

CAGELIMONUS.

A C R O S T I C.

By CAGELIMONUS.

15.

Search the wide world around from shore
to shore,
Unknown extents of savage land explore;
Kings never clasp'd within their eager
arms,
Your equal, Suky, or in wit or charms.

THE POLITICAL BALLANCE.

16.

" See Britain still above them all!"
(Cries Nuncius, reading Rodney's tale)
" Proud Spain and daring Gallia fall!"—
True, for they're both in th' other scale.

E P I-

EPIGRAM.

17.

This rain says Dick, will raise the core,
And every thing to life;
No! God forbid! cries Ralph you know
I lately lost my wife.

Imitated from ST. AUGUSTINE.

18.

One morn to *Cato* came a friend,
With face of silent woe;
Ah! won'drous prodigy to tell,
The rats had eat his shoe.
My friend, says *Cato*, be compos'd,
Keep half a dozen cats,
Nor think it strange at all, unless
The shoe had eat the rats.

R E B U S S E S.

19.

Half a fish, join'd to what is Latin for and,
Tells precisely the place where you now
sit or stand.

What's

20.

What's bought at a sale, with two thirds of
the cause,

To which many ascribe the American wars;
That scholars the dog letter calls from the
found,

And that, not in classical languages found;
Add the contrast of on, and what's brittle
and clear,

Never seen but when weather is very
severe :

These determine a place, where, who ever
goes in

Win or lose; save with us, when they cer-
tainly win.

21.

The contrast of empty, two thirds of the sea,
As render'd in Latin's the girl that loves
me.

22.

Join two fourths, if not so much,

To four fifths of Jesse's son ;

Gives a maiden fair to view,

Superior to every one.

B

One

23.

One third of what we Sabbath call,
Two thirds of æther wide;
Her name declare I love before,
All woman kind beside.

E P I G R A M S.

24.

You say friend Philo's arguments,
Are weighty; so is lead,
For that and such like weighty stuff,
Compose friend Philo's head.

25.

Let Croesus kill an hecatomb,
And give it as a treat ;
I have, tho' not so much as he,
As much as I can eat.

26.

Incircles all the world around
The fame of Chloe's charms ;
For all the world have been by turns,
Incircled in her arms.

A miser

27.

A miser buried in a box
 A hoarded bag of gold,
 And wrote thereon *Hic Deus est*,
 To parry of the bold.
 A merry Wight that thither past,
 Remov'd the treasure soon;
 Wrote *Resurrexit non hic est*,
 Your God is rose and gone.

*The Chain of Government; Or, a Panegyric
 on the Ladies.*

28.

When *Belzebub* first to make mischief began,
 He the woman attack'd, and she gull'd the
 poor man:
 This Moses asserts, and from hence would
 infer,
 That woman rules man, and the devil
 rules her.

29.

Come, *Peg*, be quick, and make the bed;
 Come, tuck the feet; and place the Head;
 I'll

I'll kiss you if you don't bestir ye;
Quoth *Peg*, I can't abide to hurry.

30.

Nokes went, he thought, to *Stiles's* wife
to Bed;
Nor knew his own was laid there in her
stead:
Civilians! is the child he then begot,
To be allow'd legitimate, or not?

31.

The golden hair that *Galla* wears,
Is her's; who wou'd ha' thought it?
She swears, tis hers; and true she swears,
For I know where she bought it.

32.

Thy nags, the leanest things alive,
So very hard thou lov'st to drive,
I heard thy anxious coachman say,
It cost thee more in whips and hay.

33.

To heal the wound a bee had made
Upon my — face,
Honey upon her Cheek she laid,
And bid me kiss the Place.

Pleas'd

Pleas'd I obey'd, and from the wound
 Imbib'd both sweet and Smart;
 The Honey on my Lips I found
 The Sting within my Heart.

34.

The FAN.

FLAVIA the least and slightest toy,
 Can with resistless art employ :
 This fan in meaner hands would prove
 An Engine of small Force in Love,
 Yet she, with graceful Air and Mien,
 Not to be told, or safely seen,
 Directs its wanton Motions so,
 That it wounds more than Cupid's Bow;
 Gives Coolness to the matchless Dame,
 To ev'ry other Breast a Flame.

35.

On some Snow which melted in a Lady's Breast.

The envious snow comes down in haste
 To prove thy breast less fair;
 But grieves to see itself surpass,
 And melts into a tear.

C

CHLOE

36.

CHLOE her gossips entertains
 With stories of her childbed pains ;
 And fiercely against Hymen rails ;
 But Hymen's not so much to blame ;
 She knows, unless her mem'ry fails,
 Ere wedded she had much the same.

37.

In Answer to a Challenge.

'Tis not the fear of death, nor smart,
 Makes me averse to fight ;
 But to preserve a tender heart,
 Not mine, but Cælia's right.
 Then let your fury be suppress'd,
 Not me, but Cælia spare ;
 Your sword is welcome to my breast,
 Whenever she's not there.

38.

False though she be to me and love,
 I'll ne'er pursue revenge :
 For still the charmer I approve,
 Tho' I deplore her change.

In

In hours of bliss we oft have met ;
 They could not always last :
 And though the present I regret,
 I'm thankful for the past.

39.

A matrimonial Case.

My lord and his lady scold, wrangle and
 fight ;
 Yet are both of one mind and are both in
 the right.
 She calls him a fool—he knows he's not
 wife ;
 He call. her a whore, and she can't say he
 lies.

40.

Quoth *Dick* to *Jack*, with phiz full meek
 and mild ;
 " Dear friend, 'tween you and I, my wife's
 with child ;"
 Quoth *Jack* to *Dick*, " Dear friend, that's
 not so clear ;
 I'm sure I have not lain with her this
 Year."

41.

BRITISH Oeconomy.

In merry old England it once was a rule,
 The King had his poet, and also his fool ;
 But now we are so frugal, I'd have you to
 know it,
 Poor *Cibber* must serve both for fool and for
 poet.

42.

I've lost my mistress, horse, and wife ;
 But when I think on human life,
 I'm glad it is no worse :
 My wife was ugly and a scold ;
 My *Cloe* was grown lean and old,
 I'm sorry for my horse.

43.

The prudent Maid.

Help me, nature ; help me, art ;
 Why should I deny my heart :
 If a lover will pursue,
 Like the wisest let me do ;
 I will fit him if he's true ;
 If he's false, I'll fit him too.

The

44.

The bright, bewitching Suky's eyes
A thousand hearts have won,
Whilst she regardless of the prize,
Securely keeps her own.

Al! what a dreadful girl are you,
Who if you e'er design
To make one happy, must undo
Nine hundred and ninety-nine.

45.

On his death-bed poor Simon lies,
His spouse is in despair;
With frequent sobs, and mutual cries,
They both express their care.
A diff'rent cause, says Parson Sly,
The same effect may give;
Poor Simon fears that he shall die,
His wife—that he may live.

46.

When Thomas calls his wife his half,
I like the fellow's whim;

For

For why? she horns him; so the jst
Belongs but half to him.

47.

How long will I love you, if you grant
me the favour?

Prythee, tie me not up to such rigid be-
haviour:

I'll love thee as long and as well as I can;

I expect thee a woman: wou'dstn't have
me a man.

48.

Cupid, instruct an am'rous swain

Some way to tell the nymph his pain,

To common youths unknown;

To talk of sighs, of flames, and darts,

Of bleeding wounds, and burning hearts,

Are methods vulgar grown.

What need'st thou tell? (the god reply'd)

That love, which thou canst never hide,

The nymph will quickly find:

When Phoebus does his beams display,

To tell men gravely that 'tis day,

Is to suppose them blind.

When

49.

When Loveless marry'd Lady Jenny,
Whose beauty was the ready penny,
Says he, I took her like old plate,
Not for the fashion but the weight.

50.

You say your wife has horn'd you. So,
It can't be undone now, you know.
Come, come, here let the matter end;
Consider, Dick, 'twas with a friend.

51.

We men have many faults;
Poor women have but two:
There's nothing good they say,
There's nothing good they do.

52.

In CHAUCER's Style.

Fair Susan did her wisehede well menteine,
Al gates assaulted fore by letchers tweine.
Now an I rede aright that auncient fonge
Oide were the paramours, the dame was
yonge.

Had

Had thilke same tale in other guise been
tolde,
Had they been yong, (pardie!) and she
been olde;
That, by Saint Kit, had wrought much
forer tryal;
Full merveillous, I wot, were sich denial.

53.

To a Seamstress.

Oh! what besom but must yield,
When like Pallas you advance,
With a thimble for your shield,
And a needle for your lance?
Fairest of the stitching train,
Ease my passion by your art;
And, in pity to my pain,
Mend the hole that's in my heart.

54.

The Jews (as we in sacred writ are told)
To buy a god gave Aaron all their gold.
But Christians now (times are so monstrous
odd)
To heap up gold will even sell their god.

What

55.

What legions of fables and whimsical tales,
Pass current for gospel, where priestcraft
prevails?

Our ancestors thus were most strangely de-
ceiv'd;

What stories and nonsense for truth they
believ'd?

But we their wise sons, who these fables
reject,

Even truth now a-days are too apt to sus-
pect:

From believing too much the right faith
we let fall,

Now we believe, faith! nothing at all.

56.

Scarce had five months expir'd since Will
did wed,

When Kate, his fruitful wife, was brought
to bed;

How now? (quoth Will) this is too soon,
my Kate?

O, Will, (quoth she) you marry'd me
too late.

D

Against

57.

Against a gate, Dick had a damsel got,
By chance the owner over-heard his plot :
And cry'd, What mean you there, Sir,
with your mate ?
Quoth Dick, I only mean to propagate.

58.

Thus with kind words, Sir Edward cheer'd
his friend,
Dear Dick ! thou on my friendship may'st
depend.
I know thy fortune is but very scant,
But be assur'd, I'll ne'er see Dick in want.
Dick's soon convinc'd.—His friend no doubt
would free him :
He kept his word. In want he ne'er would
see him.

59.

Town wenches, says Trueman, I've often
been told,
Are venomous things, like the serpent of
old.

Ay,

Ay, says Rakewell, the serpent all o'er
 them prevails,
 His deceit in their heart, and his sting in
 their tails,

60.

The happy Pair.

Who says my lord and lady disagree?
 A pair more like in all things cannot be.
 My lord, indeed, will damn the marriage
 chain;
 My lady wishes it were loos'd again.
 Ever with rakes, my lord is ne'er at home;
 Ever engag'd my lady likes his room.
 He swears his boy is not his real son;
 My lady thinks it is not all his own.
 He'll have a sep'rate bed, 'till her desire,
 Sheets warm'd, bed made, the smiling pair
 retire:
 The cause tho' hidden yet the same their
 want,
 He sends for miss, and she for her gallant.
 If union then makes blest the marriage life,
 The same the husband, and the same the
 wife;
 If in two breasts one mind gives joy sincere,
 What two more happy than this courtly
 pair?

A York-

61.

A Yorkshireman!—and oftler still!
 Ere this you might have been,
 Had you employ'd your native skill,
 Landlord, and kept the inn.
 Ah! Sir, quoth John, here 'twill never do,
 For, damn it! meyster's Yorkshire too.

62.

Sue thus had complain'd to young John
 before,
 I kick my own ancles, and oft make 'em
 fore;
 When John took occasion one day to in-
 trude
 So far, that in earnest she told him 'twas
 rude;
 Pr'ythee, huth, cry'd the rogue; Sukey
 be not faint-hearted:
 All things that are quarrellsome, child,
 shou'd be parted.

63.

On three beautiful Highland ladies.
 From Scottish mountains hid in clouds.
 What heav'nly forms descend!

No

No more ye maids of English earth,
 To beauty's crown pretend ;
 Forbear to boast your rosy bloom,
 A transitory die :
 Faint near these denizens of air,
 And inmates of the sky.
 Nor strange, their beauty earlier dawns,
 Far later knows decay ;
 Who, when from heav'n their sisters fell,
 Dropt only half the way.

64.

In antient times when honour bore the bell,
 And people blush'd not at their doing well :
 Where crush'd beneath triumphant envy's
 weight,
 The hand of valour wore the chain of state ;
 There did the daring muse devote her
 rhymes,
 And grateful verse condemn'd ungrateful
 crimes.
 But, in our more improv'd and bart'ring
 days,
 There's a price current stamp'd on poet's
 praise.
 The workman strikes but as his labour's
 paid,
 And heroes rise and fall like stocks in trade.

E

GILES

65.

G I L E S J O L T.

GILES JOLT as sleeping in his cart he lay,
Some waggish pilf'ers stole his team away;
Giles wakes, and cries—What's here? odd
dickins! what?

Why how now? am I Giles, or am I not?
If he, I've lost fix geldings to my smart;
If not—odibuddikens I've found a cart.

66.

*The Author's Apology for knocking a Printer's
Teeth out.*

I must confess that I was somewhat warm:
I broke his teeth. But where's the mighty
harm?

My works, he said, wou'd not afford him
meat;

And teeth are useless, when there's nought
to eat.

67.

This world is a prison in ev'ry respect,
Whose walls are the heav'ns in common:
The gaoler is sin, and the prisoners men,
And the fetters are nothing but women.

JOAN

68.

JOAN vows, (to hearten tim'rous youth)
 She ne'er saw ghost, or thing uncivil,
 Worse than herself—tho' once in truth
 Joan does believe she saw the devil.

69.

Scotland, thy weather's like a modish wife!
 Thy winds and rains for ever are at strife:
 So, Termagant awhile her thunder tries,
 And when she can no longer scold—she
 cries.

70.

Marry late, my dear friend:—you may ask
 me, what then?
 Kill your wife by a quack, and ne'er mar-
 ry again.

71.

Taxes ran high: the Britons loud com-
 plain'd:
 'Twas mov'd that luxury shou'd be re-
 strain'd:

E 2

To

To lace our coats was deem'd a mortal sin;
 We wear all gold without, but none within.
 The lace you may allow us, (quoth Sir John*)
 We soon shall have no coats to put it on.

72.

Marriage the End of Life.

Tom prais'd his friend, who chang'd his
 state,
 For binding fast himself and Kate,
 In union so divine;
 Wedlock's the end of life, he cry'd,
 'Too true, alas! said Jack, and sigh'd,
 'I will be the end of mine.

73.

A Marriage Certificate.

Under this hedge in stormy weather,
 I join'd this whore and rogue together:
 And none but him who made the thunder,
 Can put this whore and rogue afunder.

* Sir John Hind Cotton.

74.

The Union.

When was there contract better driv'n by
fate?

Or celebrated with more truth of state?

The world the temple was, the priest a king,
The spoused pair two realms, the sea the
ring.

75.

FRANK, who will any friend supply,
Lent me ten guineas,—Come, said I,
Give me a pen, it is but fair,
You take my note:—quoth he, hold there;
Jack! to the cash I've bid adieu;
No need to waste my paper too.

76.

Says Pontius in rage, contradicting his
wife,

'You never yet told me one truth in your
life.'

Next Pontia could no way this thesis allow,

'You're a cuckold,' says she, 'do I tell
you truth now?'

While

77.

While here the poet paints the charms,
 Which bless the perfect dame,
 How unaffected beauty warms,
 And wit preserves the flame ;
 How prudence, virtue, sense agree,
 To form the happy wife ;
 In Suky, and her book, I see,
 The picture and the life.

78.

Nature stamps shame in ev'ry heart,
 Which serves instead of grace ;
 And if you drive it from that part,
 It flies into the face.

79.

Give me a girl, if one I needs must meet,
 Or in her nuptial, or her winding sheet ;
 I know but two good hours that women
 have,
 One in the bed, another in the grave.
 Thus of the whole sex all I would desire,
 Is to enjoy their ashes or their fire.

The

80.

The Wander.

My heart still hov'ring round about you,
I thought I cou'd not live without you ;
Now we have liv'd three months afunder,
How I liv'd with you is the wonder.

81.

A Receipt for Courtship.

Two or three dears, and two or three
sweets ;

Two or three balls, and two or three treats ;

Two or three serenades given as a lure ;

Two or three oaths how much they endure ;

Two or three messages sent in one day ;

Two or three times led out from the play ;

Two or three soft speeches made by the
way ;

Two or three tickets for two or three times ;

Two or three love-letters writ all in rhimes ;

Two or three months keeping strict to these
rules,

Can never fail making a couple of fools.

THRASO

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THRASO

82.

THRASO picks quarrels when he's drunk at
 night,
 When sober in the morning dares not fight :
 Thrafo to shun those ills that may ensue,
 Drink not at night, or drink at morning
 too.

83.

TOM's coach and fix!—whither in such
 haste going?
 But a short journey—to his own undoing.

84.

*Written on the Door of the H—— of
 C——ns.*

Gold rules within, and reigns without these
 doors,
 Makes men take places, and poor maids
 turn whores.
 Her blooming virtue's fold, his trust's be-
 tray'd,
 Debauch'd the member falls, alike the
 maid.

Each

Each pleads excuse, tho' profit each does
move,

His is the monarch's service, her's is love.
The world sees thro' the sham in which
both join,

He votes for int'rest, as she yields for coin.

85.

No cause nor client fat will Chev'rill leese,
But as they come on both sides he takes
fees.

And pleaseth both. For while he melts
his grease

For this: that wins, for whom he holds
his peace.

86.

Poor Hal caught his death standing under a
spout,

Expecting till midnight when Nan wou'd
come out:

But fatal his patience, as cruel the dame,
And curs'd was the weather that quench'd
the man's flame.

Whoever thou art that reads these moral
lines,

Make love at home, and go to bed be-
times.'

F

Why

87.

Why all this stir at Myra's house?
 She took last night a second spouse.
 Then why that hatchment, friend, I pray?
 Her first was buried yesterday.

88.

TAR with Beau Fopling caught his wife;
 He scream'd and fled; she begg'd for life.
 Tar saw contrition in her eyes,
 And thus the good blunt sailor cries:
 Spouse, the first fault we may forgive;
 But ne'er repeat it while you live.

89.

Joan cudgels Ned, yet Ned's a bully;
 Will cudgels Bess, yet Will's a cully.
 Die Ned and Bess; give Will to Joan,
 She dares not say her life's her own.
 Die Joan and Will; give Bess to Ned,
 And ev'ry day she combs his head.

90.

What's Honour?

Not to be captious: not unjustly fight:
 'Tis to confess what's wrong, and do what
 right.

91.

On rainy days alone I dine,
 Upon a chick and pint of wine.
 On rainy days I dine alone,
 And pick my chicken to the bone:
 But this my servant much enrages,
 No scraps remain to save board wages.
 In weather fine I nothing spend,
 But often sponge upon a friend;
 Yet where he's not so rich as I,
 I pay my club, and so good b'y'—.

92.

As Thomas was cudgell'd one day by his
 wife,
 He took to his heels, and he ran for his life.
 Tom's three dearest friends came by in the
 squabble,
 And screen'd him at once from the shrew
 and the rabble;
 Then ventur'd to give him some wholesome
 advice;
 But Tom is a fellow of honour so nice,
 Too proud to take counsel, too wise to
 take warning,
 That he sent to all three a challenge next
 morning.

He

He fought with all three; thrice ventur'd
his life;

Then went home, and was cudgell'd again
by his wife.

93.

Fool man wou'd cry if sure to die
Before a month were past;
Yet laughs away this poor short day,
Which is perhaps his last.

94.

When in the dark, on thy soft hand I hung,
And heard the tempting fyren in thy
tongue;
What flames, what darts, what anguish I
endur'd
But, when the candle enter'd — I was
cur'd.

95.

A Character of an old Rake.

Scorn'd by the wise, detested by the good,
Nor understanding aught, nor understood;
Profane, obscene, loud, frivolous, and pert;
Proud, without spirit; vain, without desert:
Affecting

Affecting passions vice has long subdu'd;
Desperately gay—and impotently lewd:
And, as thy weak companions round thee
fit,
For eminence in folly, deem'd a wit.

95.

A smart Repartee.

Cries Sylvia to a reverend dean,
What reason can be given,
(Since marriage is a holy thing)
That there are none in heaven?
There are no women, he reply'd!
She quick returns the jest—
Women there are, but I'm afraid,
They cannot find a priest.

97.

The Female Prattle.

From morn to night, from day to day,
At all times, and in ev'ry place,
You scold, repeat, and sing and say,
Nor are there hopes you'll ever cease.
Forbear, my Fannia; Oh, forbear,
If your own health or ours you prize;
For all mankind that hear you, swear,
Your tongue's more killing than your eyes.

Your tongue's a traitor to your face,
 Your fame's by your own noise obscur'd;
 All are distracted while they gaze,
 But, if they listen, they are cur'd.
 Your silence would require more praise,
 Than all you say, or all you write;
 One look ten thousand charms displays,
 Then hush!—and be an angel quite.

98.

The amorous Contest.

My love and I for kisses play'd;
 She would keep stakes; I was content:
 But when I won, she would be paid;
 I, angry, ask'd her what she meant?
 Nay, since, says she, you wrangle thus in
 vain,
 Give me my kisses back; take yours again!

99.

A Declaration of Love.

You I love, nor think I joke,
 More than ivy does the oak;
 More than fishes do the flood;
 More than savage beasts the wood;
 More than merchants do their gain;
 More than misers to complain;

Mor

More than widows do their weeds ;
 More than friars do their beads ;
 More than Cynthia to be prais'd ;
 More than courtiers to be rais'd ;
 More than brides the wedding night ;
 More than foldiers do a fight ;
 More than lawyers do the bar ;
 More than 'prentice boys a fair ;
 More than toppers t'other bottle ;
 More than women tittle-tattle ;
 More than rakes a willing lady ;
 More than Nancy does her baby ;
 More than sailors do a fee ;
 More than all things I love thee.

100.

When Chloe's picture was to Chloe shown,
 Adorn'd with charms and beauty not her
 own.

Where Hogarth, pitying nature, kindly
 made

Such lips, such eyes, as Chloe never had ;
 Ye gods ! she cries, in extacy of heart,
 How near can nature be express'd by art !
 Well ! it is wond'rous like !—nay, let me
 die,

The very pouting lip,—the killing eye !”

Blunt and severe, as Manly in the play,
Downright replies,—‘ Like, madam, do
you say !’

‘ The picture bears this likeness, it is true,
‘ This canvas painted is, and so are you.’

R E B U S S E S.

101.

If direct and reverse’d a denial you’ll take,
You will have the time when I this rebus
did make.

102.

Two thirds of a person who’s us’d to the
seas;
Two sixths of what merits the general
praise;
What tradesmen must have ere a figure
they make,
These shew you a town, or I greatly mis-
take,
Where trade is extensive—and none there
above it,
Whoe’er goes through Devon must highly
approve it.

The

103.

The god that gave the curling vine;
 A flower whose colours beauteous shine;
 A beast that roams in search of prey;
 A king that rul'd with haughty sway;
 The initials join'd, ye ladies fair,
 An ancient city will declare!

104.

One half of a place we all hope to gain;
 One fourth of a passion that does predo-
 minant reign;
 Two fifths of what honest men always
 disdain;
 These, duly connected, will presently
 show,
 The greatest of blessings enjoy'd here below.

105.

Half the name of a tradesman, a dealer in
 leather,
 And a place where with hounds we may
 game;
 Take these two, and when rightly they're
 join'd together,
 You then will discover a merry town's
 name.

What's

106.

What's dreaded by a man with cares oppress'd,
 And where a beast enjoys his food and rest;
 These join'd together, you must surely own,
 Will make the name of an old English town.

107.

What covers your head, and produces you
 corn,
 Is the name of a town as sure as you're
 born.

E N I G M A.

108.

I follow, yet lead; I am driven, yet drive;
 Am active now dead, tho' inactive alive;
 When wounding my mother, appear in my
 station;
 Yet 'tis for the good of each civiliz'd na-
 tion;
 Join forces with Roger, tho' his is the toil;
 Budge together at work, and shake hands
 all the while.

NEW

NEW and CHOICE CONUNDRUMS.

1. **W**HY is a lawyer like a lion?
2. **W**hy is King George like a steeple?
3. Why is Lord Sandwich like a first rate man of war?
4. Why is Lord North like number 1?
5. Why is he like a cypher?
6. Why are the patriots like a light guinea?
7. Why is a Counsellor's head like a barber's block?
8. Why is a weathercock like a man of war?
9. Why are Lord Chesterfield's letters like a syllabub?
10. Why is a woman in labour like a glass window?
11. Why is a dog like a critic?
12. Why is going to law like going to Tyburn?
13. Why is an inconstant woman like quicksilver?
14. Why are many of our great men like houses?
15. Why are they like mountebanks?
16. Why is a new married man like an ass?
17. Why

17. Why is the minority like a pack of hounds?
18. Why is a pack of cards like Newgate?
19. Why is swearing like an old coat?
20. Why is a fortunate man like a straw in the water?
21. Why is a cunning man like a shoemaker?
22. Why is a married woman like a bear in the street?
23. Why is a fedan like the world?
24. Why is a man with a bad memory like a covetous man?
25. Why is a sword-belt like a cow upon a common?
26. Why are tamps like the Thames?
27. Why is a pen like a beau?
28. Why is the play-house like a punch-bowl?
29. Why is an apron like peas?
30. Why is a fish-hook like a bull?
31. Why is a buttock of beef like a traitor?
32. Why is an eye-lid like a wadding to a gun?
33. Why is an alehouse the best comfort to a disappointed man?
34. Why is an honest friend like orange chips?
35. Why

35. Why is a little man like a good book?
36. Why is a smith a dangerous companion?
37. Why are coals like a poor labouring man?
38. Why is a pickpocket like a bridegroom?
39. Why is a peruke-maker like a bird-catcher?
40. Why is a candle like a tobacco-nist?
41. Why is Ireland like a bottle of wine?
42. Why is a drawn tooth like a thing forgot?
43. Why is a furly dog like a sharper?
44. Why is a man's toes like an ironmonger's shop?
45. Why is a book like a fruit-tree in spring?
46. Why is a red-hair'd lady like a band of soldiers?
47. Why is a man on horseback like a fan?
48. Why is a barrel of beer almost drawn out like a country waggon?
49. Why is a good cook like a woman of fashion?
50. Why is a woman's tongue like a good clock?
51. Why is a watch-maker like a gardener?
52. Why is Wales like a neck of mutton?
53. Why are weather-cocks like the sea?

54. Why are gay jests like being tickled?
 55. Why is a dancing-master like a cook?
 56. Why is the Pope like a pepper-box?
 57. Why is a smart girl like a nobleman?
 58. Why is a complaisant man like a tree?
 59. Why are shoes like men of knowledge?
 60. When is a woman in haste to curl her hair?

Answers to the Riddles.

1. A riddle.
2. Virtue.
3. A walking-stick.
4. A weather-cock.
5. A pair of bellows.
6. A pen.
7. A key.
8. Fire.
9. A clock.
10. Hearing.
11. A Bell.

Solutions to the Rebuses.

19. Here.
20. Lottery Office.
21. Fuller.
23. Miss Suky.
101. Noon.
102. Tavistock.
103. Bath.
104. Health.
105. Tanfield.
107. Hatfield.

Answer to the ENIGMA.

108. A Plow.

E R R A T A.

Page 12. line 16. for *and*, read *than*.

N. B. JOHN FULLER gives the full Value for any Parcel of Books and Waste Paper.

for